MARVEL® COMICS

PETER PARKER SPIDER-MAN®

#34
#132

JENKINS
BUCKINGHAM
FAUCHER

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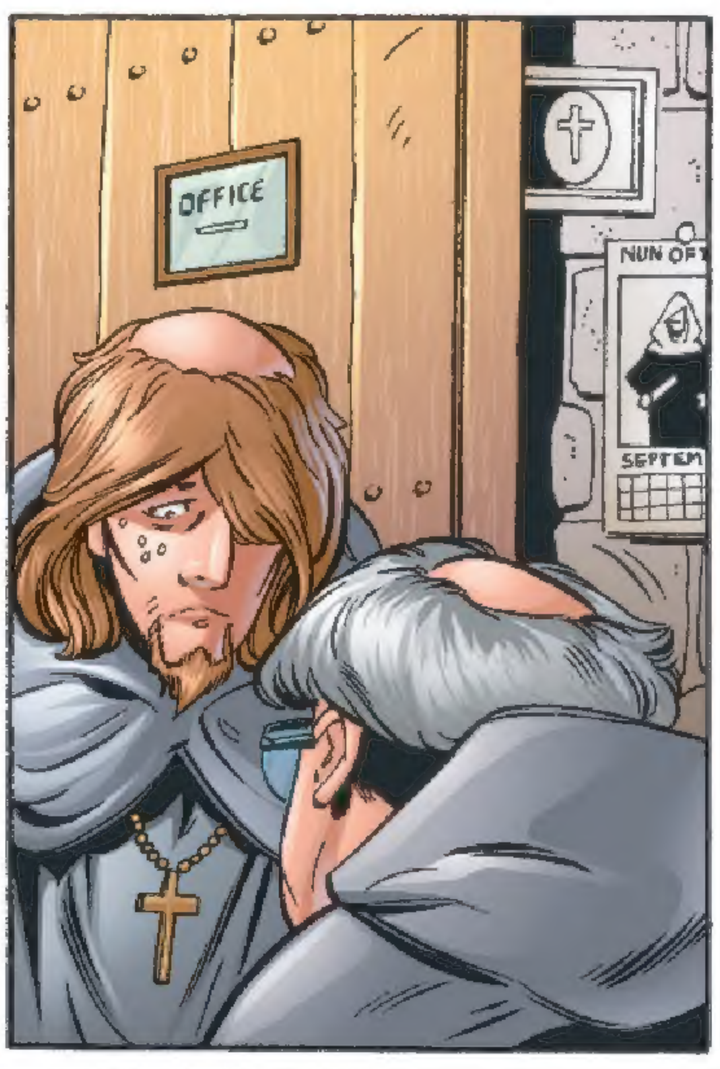
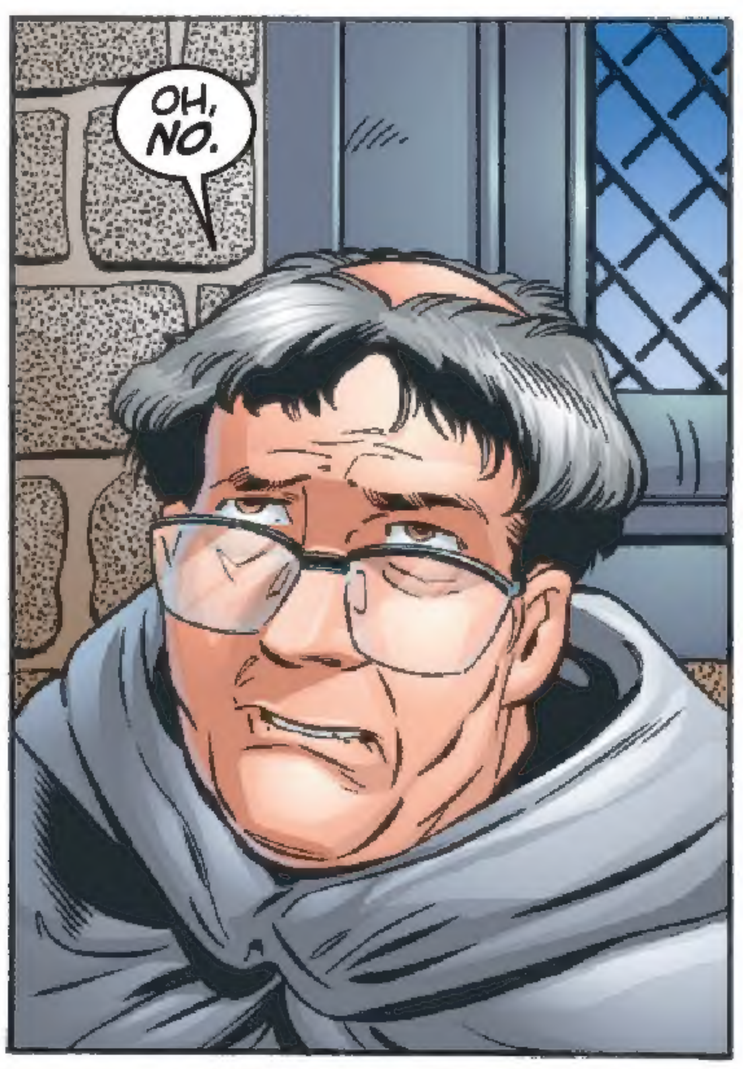
At a demonstration on Radiation, high school student PETER PARKER was bitten by an Irradiated Spider from which he gained the Arachnid's Incredible Abilities. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his Great Powers in the service of his fellow man, because he learned an invaluable lesson: With Great Power must also come Great Responsibility. **Stan Lee Presents: Peter Parker, Spider-Man!**

NO ONE HERE HAS TAKEN A VOW OF SILENCE, BROTHER IAN, BUT WE HAVEN'T TAKEN A VOW OF SHOUTING EITHER. I REALIZE YOU'RE NEW TO OUR MONASTERY BUT --





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WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

I-I'M NOT SURE. A FEW MINUTES AGO, MAYBE MORE.

IAN, I DON'T NEED TO REMIND YOU JUST HOW SERIOUS THIS IS. HAVE YOU SEARCHED THE GROUNDS FULLY?

...HUFF... NOT YET. WE DIDN'T... EHH... WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO REACT...

...HHH... ONE MOMENT, EVERYTHING WAS PEACEFUL... HUFF... THE NEXT, HE WAS GONE --

HELLO -- IS ANYBODY THERE? CAN YOU HEAR ME DOWN THERE?

OH, GOD HAVE MERCY ON US ALL.

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RS & Comicraft letters John Miesegaes ass't ed. Axel Alonso editor Joe Quesada chief Bill Jemas president

If Thine Eye Offend Thee...

I THINK THEY'RE JUST *DARLING!*

SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS FOR YOUR NEW HOME! I PICKED THEM UP FOR A *SONG* AT A RUMMAGE SALE AND NATURALLY THOUGHT OF YOU, PETER.

YEAH. *NATURALLY.*

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COFFEE

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? DO YOU *LIKE* THEM?

YEAH, THEY'RE UH...

REVOLTING.

...*NICE.* YOU DON'T THINK THIS BROKEN ONE'S A BIT *WOBBLY,* AUNT MAY? ONLY I WOULDN'T WANT IT TO GET *BROKEN,* OR ANYTHING --

YOU KNOW, IF YOU DON'T LIKE THEM, PETER, YOU COULD JUST *TELL* ME. I WOULDN'T BE OFFENDED --

OF *COURSE* HE LIKES THEM. THEY'RE PERFECT.

WELL, HELLO, DEAR... ARE YOU A FRIEND OF PETER'S? I'M HIS AUNT MAY.

OH, YOU'RE THE LOVELY AUNT MAY? I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU!

YOU HAVE? WELL NOW... I WONDER WHY I'VE NEVER HEARD ABOUT YOU? PETER, HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING YOUR GIRLFRIENDS FROM YOUR STUFFY OLD AUNT AGAIN?

AW, YOU KNOW HOW SHY HE CAN BE SOMETIMES, AUNT MAY. I'M CARYN, BY THE WAY -- I LIVE ACROSS THE ALLEY.

LISTEN, PETER... I JUST POPPED BY TO THANK YOU FOR LOOKING AFTER BARKER WHILE I WAS GONE.

ANYWAY, I WAS THINKING SINCE THEY'VE GOT THAT BIG FUNFAIR SET UP IN CENTRAL PARK, MAYBE WE COULD GO CHECK IT OUT? MY TREAT.

RIGHT. UM. WELL, I'D LOVE TO, Y'KNOW, CARYN... UH...

...BUT I HAVE A BUNCH OF PAPERS TO MARK FOR SCHOOL.

THEY'RE DUE ON FRIDAY.

OH, PETER, SOMETIMES YOU CAN BE SUCH AN OLD FUDDY-DUDDY! THIS LOVELY YOUNG LADY OFFERS TO TAKE YOU TO THE FAIR... ANY BOY WITH HALF A MIND WOULD JUMP AT THE CHANCE!

RIGHT ON.

CLUNK

SURE.

QUICKLY! TO THE *MONKMOBILE,* BROTHER IAN!

I'LL DRIVE. YOU KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR HIM OUT OF THE WINDOW --

ST FRAN

BUT WHERE WOULD HE *GO,* RICHARD? HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE CITY --

HE KNOWS ENOUGH FROM WHAT HE'S SEEN ON THE TELEVISION, BROTHER. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRACK HIM DOWN BEFORE HE DOES ANY SERIOUS DAMAGE.

SHOULD WE ALERT THE AUTHORITIES?

NO! THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. HE'S MORE OF A DANGER TO HIMSELF THAN TO OTHERS.

BUT WHAT IF HE MAKES *CONTACT* WITH ANYONE, BROTHER? WHAT THEN?

"THEN, WE *PRAY.*"

I DUNNO -- HE AIN'T GOT NO *LETTERS* ON 'IM LIKE THAT OLD GUY DID. LET'S GIVE IT A SHOT --

GOING SOMEWHERE?

Y-YES... WILLIAM IS WALKING TO THE PARK.

KINDA *DARK* T' BE WEARIN' THEM HEAVY SHADES, HUH, *"WILLIAM"*? WHAT SAY I *CARRY* 'EM FOR YOU? I'LL CARRY ALL YOUR *CASH* AS WELL, IF YOU LIKE --

AAH!

C'MON, TERRY. THERE'S PEOPLE *COMIN'* --

UHH... PLEASE... WILLIAM IS *AFRAID.* THIS IS VERY *BAD.*

BAD FOR *YOU,* BLIND BOY --

JEEZ! LOOK AT HIS *EYES!*

BOOM

WILLIAM IS *SORRY.*

AH, YES... WHAT COULD BE *LESS* EXCRUCIATING THAN WALKING THROUGH A FUNFAIR WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON MY ARM AND A NEAR-EMPTY WALLET IN MY POCKET?

THE ANSWER, OF COURSE, IS "A RED-HOT POKER IN THE EYE." I MEAN, CARYN'S A SWEET ENOUGH PERSON BUT I CAN'T TELL IF SHE'S OBLIVIOUS OR DEVIOUS OR *BOTH*.

Little Devil HOOPLA

TEST YOUR STRENGTH

PROBABLY OPTION "C"; A TOTAL *WHACKO*. IT'S FUNNY, THOUGH, HOW IN THAT RESPECT SHE REMINDS ME OF...

...MARY JANE.

I'M WONDERING HOW I'M GOING TO POLITELY SPURN THE POOR KID. AND IT'S JUST AS I'M ABOUT TO GIVE UP THAT I'M GIVEN FINAL *PROOF* THE UNIVERSE EXISTS ONLY TO TORMENT ME...

I DUNNO... I COULDA *SWORN* I SAW PETER JUST A MOMENT AGO...

WHAT'S *UP*, HONEY-BEE?

OH, SH --

-- ERR... *NOTHING*.

SAY, CARYN... LET'S TRY IN *HERE* --

ARCHERY

TEST YOUR SKILL! WIN A BIG BEAR!

OOH, *COOL!* WIN ME A PRIZE, YOU BIG STUD, YOU!

HERE. THREE ARROWS FER FIVE BUCKS. YOU C'N HAVE SEVEN FER *TEN,* IF Y'LIKE --

UH, YEAH...RIGHT. WHATEVER.

ANYWHERE IN THE BULL WINS A SMALL PRIZE. DEAD IN THE CENTER FER TH' BIG ONE.

DEAD CENTER, MIND!

TOP PRIZE

DON'T WORRY, I'M GOOD AT THIS. SEE, IT'S ALL IN THE RELEASE -- ALL YOU DO IS PULL BACK, LIKE THIS...

...AN' THEN, YOU LET YOUR BREATH GO. AN' THEN...

...GOTTA BE AROUND HERE SOME-WHERE...

...AN' THEN...

THWANGG

OY!

WHAT, YOU THINK THA'S *FUNNY?*

NICE *SHOT,* ROBIN HOOD.

TOP PRIZE

YOU GOTTA PAY FER THAT!

WELL, YOU DID SAY "DEAD CENTER" --

AAAAAAAH! EEEEEEEK!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE --?

OMIGOD! HE'S CRAZY!

DID YOU SEE HIS EYES?

...I DUNNO, SOME KINDA LASER SHOW WENT WRONG, OR SOMETHIN'...

PETER! PETER -- AWWK!

GET BACK! HE'S COMIN' THIS WAY!

WELL, THAT'S A FIRST: SAVED BY A RAMPAGING CROWD.

KRAKOOM

YOU! STOP OR I FIRE! DON'T MAKE ME REPEAT MYSELF --

NO! WILLIAM HURTS! IT WAS NOT WILLIAM'S FAULT!

SKOWN

UHHH--

PLEASE... GO AWAY. WILLIAM IS SICK --

HERE'S A THOUGHT: WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN AGE, SIZE AND/OR GENDER?

THOOM

CONJUNCTIVITIS, HUH? THAT *BLOWS*, DUDE.

WHAT SAY YOU AN' ME GO FIND A DOCTOR AND CLEAR IT UP? THAT WAY, NO ONE ELSE GETS HURT.

...NNN... WILLIAM DOES NOT WANT TO... WILLIAM IS GOING FOR A WALK.

TO A SPECIAL *PLACE*.

WILLIAM WANTS A FISH

THAT WOULD BE *"PRISON,"* WILLIAM. AND SPIDER-MAN IS GOING TO MAKE SURE WILLIAM GETS THERE SAFE AND *SOUND* --

STARBUCKS

NN-*AAH!* IT HURTS! NO TIME!

ZZZTT

WHAM

YOW!

I MAY BE *QUICK* -- I MEAN, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE DUDE WHO LEFT BILLY PINDER IN THE DUST DURING A SECOND GRADE SACK RACE!

ADMITTEDLY, HE WAS FIFTY YARDS BACK AND HURLING UP AN EGG SANDWICH AT THE TIME, BUT I DIGRESS. ANYWAY... I MAY BE *QUICK* --

-- BUT I THINK IT WAS EINSTEIN, OR SOMEONE, WHO SAID, "YOU CAN'T RUN FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT."

ZZTTT

UHH...

THUMP

OW... THIS GUY'S *DYNAMITE* --

A-ARE YOU SPIDER-MAN?

UM. WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. WE JUST NEED TO *TALK* TO YOU, THAT'S ALL.

IT'S ABOUT *WILLIAM.*

AAAAHHH!

HIYA. CAN I HIDE UNDER HERE?

SURE. MIND THE DUCKS.

OKAY.

JEEZ, WHAT HAPPENED?

I DUNNO. I THINK A FIREWORK DISPLAY WENT OFF BY MISTAKE.

I'M JILL, BY THE WAY. JILL STACY.

CARYN.

GOD, IT'S CRAZY OUT THERE. I GOT SPLIT UP FROM MY FRIENDS.

YOU *HERE* WITH ANYONE, CARYN?

YEAH, I'M HERE WITH MY GUY FRIEND. D'YOU KNOW PETER PARKER?

YOU'RE HERE WITH *WHO?*

OKAY, SO... BY "WILLIAM" YOU WOULD MEAN THE SUPERLOON WITH THE EYEBALLS WHO KEEPS CALLING HIMSELF *WILLIAM*, RIGHT?

YES, THAT'S HIM. WILLIAM'S NOT GOING TO HURT ANYONE, SPIDER-MAN -- AT LEAST, NOT *INTENTIONALLY*.

I KNOW IT LOOKS BAD... BUT THE EFFECTS OF HIS EYE-BEAMS ARE ONLY ***TEMPORARY***. IT'S MORE DANGEROUS TO WILLIAM THAN TO HIS VICTIMS. PLEASE, LET ME ***EXPLAIN...***

"WILLIAM WAS BROUGHT TO US WHEN HE WAS A BABY -- LEFT WITH NO NOTE OF EXPLANATION AT THE DOOR OF OUR ORPHANAGE. HIS EYES WERE BANDAGED, SO WE NATURALLY ASSUMED HE'D BEEN INJURED.

"IT WAS NOT UNTIL LATER THAT WE FOUND OUT THE TRUTH: WILLIAM WAS ONE OF THE SPECIES HOMO SUPERIOR -- A ***MUTANT***.

"SOMEHOW, THE CHILD WAS ABLE TO GENERATE BURSTS OF INCREDIBLE ENERGY FROM HIS BRAIN AND FOCUS THEM OUTWARD THROUGH THE LENSES OF HIS EYES.

"BUT THERE WAS A PROBLEM: THE OUTBURSTS WERE DETRIMENTAL TO WILLIAM'S HEALTH. IF THE BOY LAY ON HIS BACK, HE WAS ABLE TO OPEN HIS EYES WITH NO ILL EFFECTS...

"BUT WHEN STANDING OR UPRIGHT, WILLIAM'S EYES HAD TO REMAIN CLOSED AT ALL TIMES.

"WE MADE A PLACE FOR WILLIAM IN THE CATACOMBS OF THE MONASTERY, WHERE HE VOLUNTEERED TO STAY IN THE EVENT HE SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY OPEN HIS EYES.

"WITH EACH RELEASE OF ENERGY, HIS MENTAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH HAS DETERIORATED. HE'S AWARE OF IT, BUT UNABLE TO HALT THE SLIDE INTO INSANITY.

"AND SO, WE PROVIDE FOR HIM AS BEST WE CAN. WE WATCH, HELPLESS, AS THE POOR CHILD ENDURES ENDLESS DAYS ON HIS BACK WITH ONLY A TELEVISION AS HIS EYES TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

"IMAGINE BEING PERFECTLY ABLE TO ***UNDERSTAND*** GOD'S SUBLIME CREATION BUT UNABLE TO ***EXPERIENCE*** IT. TO SPEND ONE'S LIFE IN SADNESS, STRAPPED TO A TABLE FOR THE PROTECTION ON OTHERS.

"***THAT*** WAS WILLIAM'S CHOICE."

LISTEN, MY FOREMOST PRIORITY IS TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE. I CAN'T HELP YOUR SITUATION UNLESS I KNOW A WAY I CAN SAFELY TAKE YOUR BOY OUT BEFORE HE ***LOOKS*** AT ME FUNNY.

PLEASE, SPIDER-MAN -- A MAN OF YOUR ABILITIES SHOULD BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND. WILLIAM DIDN'T WANT THIS POWER OF HIS -- TO HIM, IT'S A ***CURSE.***

IF HE STANDS WITH HIS EYES OPEN FOR A LONG PERIOD OF TIME, THE EXPELLED ENERGY SEEMS TO ***DRAIN*** HIM.

WE DON'T KNOW WHY HE SUDDENLY DECIDED TO COME HERE. CLEARLY, HE HAS SOMETHING IN MIND, BUT HE DIDN'T COMMUNICATE IT TO US.

HIS MIND'S BECOMING UNHINGED -- YOU MUST GET TO HIM BEFORE HE HURTS HIMSELF.

WHAT D'YOU NEED ME TO DO?

CLOSE HIS EYES -- ***SOMEHOW.*** IF HE STANDS WITH THEM OPEN FOR TOO MUCH LONGER, HE'S GOING TO ***DIE.***

AS I SWING OVER THE TWISTED METAL AND BURNING CANVAS THAT USED TO BE A FUNFAIR, I REALIZE THE ENERGY BLASTS ARE INTENSIFYING.

ALL THAT RELEASE IS HAVING A NEGATIVE EFFECT ON WILLIAM'S MIND. HE'S COMING *APART.*

OF MIRRORS

CANDY

GHO

BOOM

AND I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO GO THROUGH THAT ORDEAL. THERE'S A SCHOOL OF THOUGHT THAT SAYS WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

BUT WHAT IF YOU NEVER *WANTED* POWER?

HEY, WILLIAM! OVER HERE, BUD! LOOK OVER HERE!

NO.

WALL of DEATH

ZZZZZZZZZ

CONTROL PANEL

C'MON, WILLIAM. YOU GOTTA STOP NOW, I CAN *HELP* YOU --

URUH-

WILLIAM DOESN'T WANT HELP. THIS IS THE PLACE WILLIAM SAW ON TV.

WILLIAM WANTS TO *SEE.*

WAIT!

SUDDENLY, I UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HE'S TRYING TO DO. THE WALL OF DEATH BEGINS TO SPIN AT AN IMPOSSIBLE RATE AND AS IT DOES SO, THE GRAVITATIONAL FORCES SLAM WILLIAM TO ITS SIDE.

NOW, THE MACHINE ELEVATES... WITH IT'S LONE OCCUPANT LYING DOWN... AND ***STANDING*** AT THE SAME TIME!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE IS HE?

IN THERE! HE FUSED THE CONTROL BOX!

AAH! AAH! AAH! AAH! AAH! AAH!

HE'S GONNA LIQUEFY IN THERE. I NEED YOU TWO TO TRY AND STOP THE ROTATION, MAYBE CUT OFF THE POWER SUPPLY.

I'M GOING ***IN!***

THUD

UHH--!

OKAY, SPIDEY... NOW WHAT?

YEEESSSS...

...HHH... HOLD ON...

YES... THERE...!

HELLO, STARS. WILLIAM SEES YOU.

AA-UHH! C'MON, MAN...
MOVE!
WILLIAM, YOU HAVE TO CLOSE YOUR EYES. YOU *HEAR* ME?
AHH... THE STARS ARE PRETTY. TWINKLE, TWINKLE.
WILLIAM KNEW THEY WOULD BE PRETTY.
UNHH... IT'S OKAY... I GOT YOU...
LOOK AT ALL THE STARS. WILLIAM IS SO... *LUCKY.*
WILLIAM...
...CAN SEE ...HIM...

HE'S *GONE.*

SPINNING INTO THE VOID LIKE WATER DOWN A DRAIN.

WITHOUT THE STRENGTH TO MOVE AWAY, I STRAIN MY NECK AGAINST THE IMPOSSIBLE PULL OF THE SPINNING MACHINE, AND I TRY TO SEE WHAT WILLIAM SAW.

BUT ALL I SEE ARE LITTLE POINTS OF LIGHT AGAINST A BIG, BLACK BLANKET. A VAST SHROUD OF *NOTHING,* INFINITELY FAR AWAY.

SOMETIMES. I WISH I COULD BE AS LUCKY AS *WILLIAM.*